Scented

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Scented

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Camille's cousin Aiden comes to stay, neighbour, werewolf and retired assassin Duncan meets the first human he's ever encountered who has a fetish for werewolves. He really has no clue how to process that.

Notes

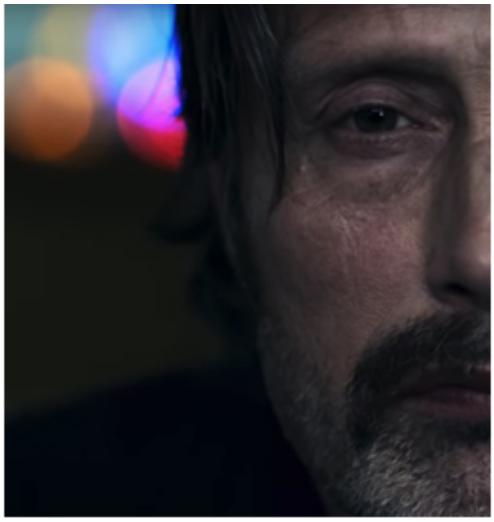
Set sort of after Polar, but a bit of an AU of Blood & Chocolate

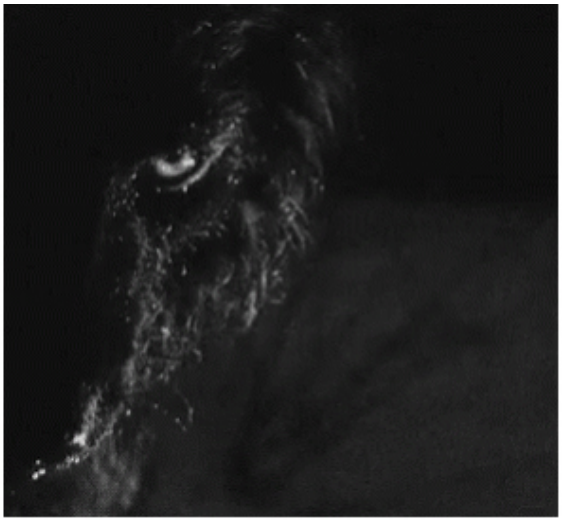
I want to say this was inspired by the wonderful Ollie's Duncan and Aiden art (which it definitely was), but it was more the result of us doing a drunken Polar rewatch at RDC whilst shouting "fuck me daddy" at the screen and Ollie somehow convincing me to write this by promising to do further art (coming with chapter 2). Enjoy?

[The art on AO3] [The art on Twitter]

- Inspired by [FANART] - Werewolf Snoot Smooch by trashbambi
- Inspired by [FANART] Scented by trashbambi

Chapter 1





Duncan looked over the thawing snow to Camille's house. It was early for her to be home from work, but there she was, a familiar presence pottering around in her yard.

Or was she moving something? It looked like she was carrying a couple of small bags up to her house.

Curious.

Duncan stepped out on his porch to get a better look, wondering if he should go over and offer to help. Their peace was tentative and he… wasn't the best judge of social cues, so he tried to keep his distance. But of course he was always concerned, her unlikely protector.

The scent hit his nose as soon as he stepped outside, the crisp air making it all the more obvious.

It was not Camille.

A head of dark hair that had initially fooled him, but now he could see it was a young man. Slightly older than Camille, with a familiarity about him. He could be related to Camille?

Even so, Duncan couldn't help his protective instincts kicking in and he was already shifting as he jumped down from his porch and raced towards Camille's home.

By the time he reached it, in a few long strides, his clothes had ripped and fallen away in the impromptu shift, his muscles bulging with the ache that ran through them. It had been a long time since he'd shifted without foreplanning. Even longer since he'd done so without being on an assignment. His black fur was sleek, hackles up and eyepatch now too tight was digging into his face. He was, overall, agitated.

The boy didn't know what hit him as Duncan barrelled into him and then pinned him to the ground, his brute strength unmatched by humans. Especially one as slight as this.

"Who are you?" The words came out in that low growl he had in his wolf form, always making his accent that little bit thicker.

The boy's eyes were wide and he went to open his mouth but it was Camille who answered from behind them.

"Duncan, no!" The pain in her voice hurt him but he was still too geared up to immediately move. "This is my cousin, Aiden. Please…" the plea hurt him as much as he was sure it hurt her.

How could he even consider harming another member of her family?

Duncan relaxed, his snarl dropping, his lips drawing back over his teeth. He was about to move off when another scent caught him, over Camille's fear.

He looked down, cocking a brow at the boy beneath him who was glaring at him as though in challenge.

Despite his expression, his set jaw, the scent betrayed him - the boy was aroused.

*

When Camille had asked him to come over for dinner with them, Duncan knew he should have said no.

Since Aiden had arrived two weeks earlier Duncan had seen him often. Never to talk to, though Aiden had given him a grin and a wave on occasion as Duncan went about his business, watching over Camille from his own property.

Duncan was unsure what to make of the fact that any time Aiden spotted him his ears picked up the quivering breath and his nose picked up the faint whiff of arousal. Of heated blood and genital musk.

As fascinating as that was, Duncan wanted no complications. He was already working hard at being a normal friend and neighbour to Camille, which was especially difficult given the circumstances. Even letting himself consider what Aiden's strange reactions were about was more complication than he needed or wanted.

So he should have said no.

It was his wolf instincts that prohibited this. On two counts. The first was Camille, who had his protective instincts constantly at high alert. But the second was Aiden, whose arousal he *wanted* to ignore, but the wolf in him couldn't help but want to explore.

Whilst he was sure they existed, Duncan had never before actually encountered a human who was aroused by werewolves. And werewolves were so far and few between, even since they had become known to the humans a few years earlier, they were very short in number. Living openly had allowed some to find each other and mate, but many like himself had remained solitary.

Aiden's arousal was doing weird things to his own desires. For the most part he indulged when he had chance, but sex wasn't something that fit into his life much of the time, especially since retiring. But sensing someone around who seemed aroused by him was creating a louder and louder, increasingly difficult to ignore, curiosity buzzing in his mind and urging him to explore.

The three of them sat around Camille's small dining table, eating pasta and being awkward. Not least because Duncan's legs were long enough that there was no helping but have slight contact with one of them whichever way he moved. And his overriding instinct was to move away from Camille knowing how she would likely startle at the contact. This left his legs awkwardly pressed to Aiden's, who at the least seemed to be a little more in control of his desires on this occasion.

"So, you're a werewolf," Aiden said with a tease to his tone, "What's that like."

Duncan frowned, "Like being a werewolf. What else could I compare it to?"

Aiden chuckled and sipped his beer, watching Duncan so intently it was almost unsettling, a feeling he was not used to.

"I knew a werewolf in Romania when I was there, Vivian. We were close but I never saw her in her wolf form," Aiden looked him over and licked his lips, "Though I'm sure she'd not have been as impressive as you."

Aiden jolted and winced as Camille glared at him and Duncan was sure she'd kicked him under the table.

"Aiden, you're making Duncan uncomfortable."

Duncan cleared his throat but said nothing. She wasn't wrong, and it was only years of schooling his responses that stopped him from blushing. It warmed him that she cared about his comfort, almost as much as Aiden's words stoked a fire in his belly.

"You, uh… You have to excuse Aiden. He's a bit forward and has very little filter." Camille added quietly with a small smile. Aiden just chuckled and Duncan nodded his acknowledgement, not entirely sure what she meant about a filter.

Camille quickly started on about the local town, asking Aiden how well he was settling.

Duncan, sure that he should interject in the conversation at some point as that seemed to be what people did, asked "how long are you staying?"

He'd unintentional cut Camille off and was sure he should probably apologise. And he wasn't even sure what had possessed him to ask the question, but before he could say anything further Aiden let out another low chuckle.

It was something Duncan was not only becoming accustomed to but also enjoying. It sent a tingle through him, especially as it always felt as though those chuckles were just for him. Duncan tried to push those thoughts aside - attachments had always been problematic.

“Who’s asking?” Aiden answered in a flirtation tone and Duncan was very sure he was missing some sort of social cue that years of working as an assassin and a lifetime of living solitarily as a wolf amongst humans had not prepared him for.

“I… *I* just asked.”

Aiden let out a laugh at that and Camille admonished him, clearly she thought he was being mean, but there was something in Aiden’s eyes that said he wasn’t. Something Duncan wanted to name as fondness, but he didn’t have enough experience to really know.

Either way, he stayed quiet the rest of the meal, happy to listen as Aiden told them about his latest comic book he was working on - which appeared to be his profession.

*

Leaving was awkward. Duncan often left rooms without a word, but he realised he was supposed to say something. So after thanking Camille and Aiden for dinner and saying goodnight, he stood awkwardly, unsure if he had leave to go.

The strange standoff was broken by Aiden opening the front door and saying, “I have something I wanted to ask you actually, do you mind if I walk you out so we could chat?”

Duncan didn’t respond, not really knowing what to say, just moving through the opened door instead. He didn’t miss the roll of Camille’s eyes at Aiden as he did so.

Duncan continued to walk in his uncertainty, unsurprised when Aiden caught him up.

“Hey, so, I have a personal question,” Aiden fell into step beside him, clearly caring little for the awkwardness Duncan obviously felt.

Duncan held his breath and cursed himself. He couldn’t remember the last time someone got under his skin like this. Probably not since he was a teenager. He gave a curt nod and a half grunt as he continued to walk, nearr his porch.

“Okay, well… Can I draw you? In your…. um, as a wolf?” The hesitation there wasn’t nerves, more an expectation Duncan might refuse.

“Draw me?” Duncan repeated without meaning to. Truth was it wasn’t what he’d expected to be asked.

“For my next graphic novel. It’s about wolves, werewolves and… well…. of course I can use the internet or whatever, but having a live subject just across the way… Live subjects are always better.”

“Oh,” Duncan said as he reached his house, stopping to look at Aiden. And there was that scent again, it had lingered for much of the evening but now was stronger once more. “It was not the question i was expecting,” Duncan found himself revealing.

He'd expected to be asked on a date maybe. Or was that what this was in a very roundabout way? Or maybe Aiden expected him to make the first move? He was the older of them after all.

Aiden chuckled, "You were expecting me to ask if you wanted to fuck?"

Duncan blinked, frozen to the spot as Aiden looked him up and down whilst running his tongue out to wet his lips.

Despite that not having been quite his thought, Duncan felt his cock twitch at the idea of it. He hadn't been with a man in a long while and Aiden was certainly attractive. But it would get complicated, it wasn't worth it. Better just to pay for sex when he wanted it as he had for many years now.

"No I... " Duncan started to protest.

Aiden let out one of his soft chuckles that only served to make Duncan a little harder.

"I can pose for you," Duncan almost shouted the words as he clung to that tract of conversation.

"Yeah? That would be great. Maybe we can meet tomorrow? Would be great to see you running around. And maybe in different positions," The sly smile was not lost on Duncan or his cock.

His jaw tightened, unsure whether he was being propositioned and not entirely comfortable with the uncertainty.

Aiden stepped in close, closing the space between them. As though reading his mind, regarding the clarity, Aiden spoke in hushed tone leaning in a little, "Any positions you want to show me tonight, daddy?"

Duncan clenched his jaw so tight he thought his teeth might shatter.

With absolutely no idea how to handle this attention - attention that was not the seduction of someone trying to use him or someone he had paid, he turned on his heel and went into his cabin, closing the door tight shut behind him.

*

When Duncan woke he didn't dress, going so far as to strip out of the shorts he'd worn to bed. He scrubbed at his jaw and went through second and third thoughts before shifting. He winced as his muscles bulged and bones moved, adding almost a foot to his height, and a great deal more to his overall bulk. He adjusted his eyepatch slightly so it didn't dig as much into his fur.

His shuddering breath as he settled himself, was actually a growl. This was strange. It had been decades since he'd shifted for any reason other than a job - for the heightened senses and strength that made him a perfect assassin.

His brow was a heavy frown as he huffed and puffed his way out of his cabin and made his way to Camille's.

Duncan cleared his throat and felt oddly rewarded by the pleasantly surprised look on Aiden's face when he turned to look at him. The boy was sat on Camille's stoop, sketching some birds feeding nearby.

“I came for your drawings,” Duncan explained, hoping his awkwardness was somewhat hidden by his deeper tone and longer teeth.

His awkwardness only increased as he tried not to enjoy Aiden’s warm smile or the stirrings of that scent. “Um, to pose,” he tried to sound casual but swallowed hard as he felt a surge of Aiden’s musky scent when the boy got to his feet.

“Thanks, I appreciate it,” Aiden’s grin was lopsided but he seemed less aggressively flirtatious than he had the evening before. They’d had a little alcohol, perhaps he just didn’t handle it well?

“Running?” Duncan asked, not one for many words much of the time but even less in this form.

“And posing. Maybe running first.” It wasn’t a question and Aiden looked at him expectantly.

“On two feet? All fours?” Duncan quirked a heavy brow and could not ignore the shudder he felt from Aiden at the question.

It was barely there, just a prickling over his skin, but at this distance Duncan could feel the vibrations of it. It made his muscles tense.

Aiden’s grin was salacious, but even so he calmly replied, “A bit of both?”, betraying none of the lust Duncan knew was there.

Duncan clenched his jaw, a low growl escaping as he nodded and began to lope at a steady gait through the clearing next to the house. When he looked back Aiden had sat back down and was flicking his attention between Duncan and the sketch.

Duncan was glad that AIden appeared to be genuine. He usually had a good read on people, it helped in his line of work. But, despite his suggestiveness, Aiden didn’t give away anywhere near as much of the lust Duncan could scent. It was a little confusing. Duncan was constantly expecting a proposition, though still had no idea how he’d handle one.

He couldn’t remember the last time anyone was interested in him without him having to pay them. He had heard about humans who wanted to sleep with werewolves, but it had never occurred to him to seek one out, just as he’d never really sought out one of his own kind either. Being solitary worked for him, for the most part.

And now here was Aiden with his eager interest. Duncan hated to acknowledge how much it flustered him.

Duncan ignored the thoughts and ran. He loped in circles, alternating between two and four legs. He hung his head low, rose his hackles, shook his fur out, slowed to a trot and let his tongue loll. He tried to give Aiden as many wolf-like displays as he could think of, and enjoyed the beaming smile each new one earned.

It made him feel warm inside, like when someone found one of his jokes funny.

He lost track of time in that smile until Aiden waved him over.

“That’s so good,” Aiden grinned. Duncan looked down and could see page after page on the floor. Mostly rough sketches of certain movements, showing where the bones and muscles go, what it might look like when the picture was fleshed out. There were a couple that were more detailed.

Duncan leant down and picked up the top of the pile, a fairly detailed sketch of his own face, his tongue lolling slightly, he looked relaxed and gentle. Was that how Aiden saw him?

He felt strangely self-conscious in that moment, This was not a scrutiny he was used to and it made him feel weird.

Duncan bristled and then reached a hand up to adjust his eye patch slightly, feeling suddenly uncertain of himself.

“Hey,” Aiden’s word was almost an admonishment and he was looking at Duncan with a sort of annoyed affection. Duncan realised that Aiden was reading him completely - something no one had ever done. “You’re very beautiful, you know that?” Aiden said, placing a hand on Duncan’s chest and letting his fingers sink into the thick fur there. Duncan growled at the unexpected contact.

He wasn’t used to contact he hadn’t initiated and certainly never in his wolf form, so it was beyond his control that his paw automatically reached out and took Aiden by the throat.

Aiden’s eyes went wide for a moment and he clearly was afraid, but the scent of fear was matched by the ever greater presence of the scent of arousal. Either way, clearly there had been no ill intent and Duncan knew he’d overreacted.

He slowly loosened his fingers, enjoying the soft skin beneath the pads of his fingers too much to retract his paw. Instead he drew back a little, but kept contact, kept his great paw lightly grasping Aiden’s throat.

Aiden’s pulse was racing, Duncan could practically taste the boy’s blood thrumming around his body, metallic and hot.

Duncan had… no idea what to do. Should he walk away again? What was the right thing to do in these circumstances? He couldn’t even ask himself what the human thing to do would be, given that his lack of being human seemed to be the pertinent point in this situation he found himself in.

Before he had chance to contemplate further, Aiden slid his hands up and grasped the fur just under his jaw. Duncan automatically snarled at the action even as Aiden pulled him downward, an action that he didn’t resist.

Duncan’s heart flipped as soft, delicate lips pressed to his nose, placing a gentle kiss there.

A shudder ran through his whole body and his hackles went up, he couldn’t help but shake himself, his fur fluffing out as a result.

Perhaps Aiden knew the effect he was having, or was otherwise a very bold and fearless young man, because he moved his mouth downward. He hesitated only a split second before licking from bottom lip to the base of his nose. Duncan shuddered again, no longer fully in control as he opened his mouth and slowly lolled his tongue out to meet Aiden’s. Their tongues met in a mutual sort of lick that had Aiden moaning.

They repeated the action a few more times, Aiden growing ever closer as they did, until he pressed his smaller body flush against Duncan’s.

His arousal was the clearest it had ever been, the hard evidence against Duncan’s thigh.

Aiden shuddered again, his hands still gripping into Duncan's fur as he pulled him down to whisper near his ear, "fuck me, daddy."

If Duncan hadn't already shifted, this was exactly the sort of thing he could imagine would have him bursting out of his human skin. As it was he just shuddered again and then winced as he felt his cock begin to swell and poke out of his sheath.

Aiden's suddenly hitched breath made clear that he felt it against his belly, as Duncan feared.

They were frozen for a moment and he wondered if Aiden was also considering whether they should make for the nearest house (Camille's), the most private house (his own), or just fuck in the dirt like animals.

A car door slammed and Aiden jumped back from him so quickly, that he almost fell over.

Duncan was glad he righted himself, because he was in no condition to save him from injury as he was too busy trying to hide his erection from whoever had just arrived. He dropped to all fours hoping that his thick winter coat would obscure it.

Aiden stumbled but then turned that into a graceful manoeuvre to pick up his sketchbook, which he then held in front of his own erection.

Duncan scented Camille a moment before he saw her round the car smiling at them.

"Hey," She greeted. "Chiyoh sent me a package!" Camille said happily, clearly consumed enough by the package not pay attention to them.

Duncan took a deep breath, suddenly very aware of how inappropriate this all was. He had hurt Camille so much, she surely wouldn't approve of what Aiden clearly wanted.

He huffed out a breath and turned tail, loping across the space between their houses until he was safely ensconced inside, alone, once more.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Werewolf Duncan fucks Aiden.
That's all I've got.

Chapter Notes

Ok, I'm just going to repeat this for the squeamish before you @ me.
IN THIS CHAPTER DUNCAN IS IN HIS WEREWOLF (ANTHRO) FORM WHEN HE FUCKS AIDEN.

Also not for the faint of heart - this fic contains EXPLICIT FAN ART OF WEREWOLFY SMUT courtesy of the amazing TrashBambi
Go love the art on AO3 and share on Twitter!

Duncan tried his best to ignore Aiden. Which was difficult to do, not least because he didn't want to ignore Camille and they were often together. He started to wonder how long Aiden really did intend to stay. Caught somewhere between annoyance and longing at the thought.

When at home Duncan kept to himself, avoiding being outside when Aiden and Camille were home. Perhaps Camille understood the situation because there were several times that she invited herself over for coffee, not bringing Aiden and making no mention of him.

Perhaps they had just been that good at pretending there was no interest between them?

It was a sunny but chilled morning when Duncan went into the town for a few groceries and decided to get breakfast at the diner. He knew it had been a mistake the moment he walked in and scented Camille and Aiden.

They were sat in a booth drinking coffee, Aiden’s back was to him but Camille saw him and waved before motioning for him to come over.

Duncan clenched his jaw and suppressed a frustrated growl as he wandered over.

“Come join us, we’re just about to order breakfast,” Camille said cheerily. There were grocery bags next to her in her seat, which he noted just as Aiden slid across to the corner of the booth, giving him space to sit. He looked very happy about it too.

Duncan sat, glad that there was at least a small distance between him and the boy whose hot flesh he could feel radiating towards him anyway.

The waitress came and took their orders, leaving them in silence once she'd done so.

Duncan wondered if he should say something, but he was unsure what exactly. Aiden sipped at the mug of coffee he'd had in front of him the whole time and Camille looked at hers for a moment before excusing herself to the bathroom.

The moment her back was turned, Duncan felt Aiden slide closer to him only moments before the boy's hand landed on his thigh.

He shuddered as Aiden ran it a little further up to his groin. He was torn between wanting to push the boy away and wanting to pull him closer.

"I like you, you know? Not just as a wolf… You're sweet and strange, you look out for Camille. Though… I'll be honest - the fact that you have a knot just makes the package all the more enticing," Aiden spoke the words just above a whisper.

When Aiden's hand started to stroke his thigh Duncan put his own over it and held tight, "Don't," he growled.

He scented a slight spike of fear and Aiden tried to pull his hand away but Duncan kept tight hold of it.

Duncan shook his head and then gentled his hold, taking Aiden's hand into his own.

"You're very forward," Duncan rumbled the words and Aiden chuckled softly in response. "What do you want with me?"

"I thought it was obvious…" Aiden grinned but then it softened and he continued gently, "l wanna know who you are, and what you love and what you dream. l want you to know that I found you interesting from the moment we met, and hoped you might find me interesting too."

Duncan contemplated this, trying to loosen the breath caught in his chest before you repeating, "You're very forward."

"I go after what I want and… maybe I've come on too strong…" Aiden frowned and looked concerned, genuinely. "I shouldn't have kissed you. I've been pushy with you, and I guess… it's not fair. Hell I don't even know if you're gay."

"I…" Duncan started, unsure how to explain that sexuality for werewolves wasn't something easy to describe. "Werewolves are close with their pack… gender isn't…" Aiden nodded, as though he understood and Duncan was happy to leave it at that, other than adding, "You're very attractive."

Aiden smiled and his cheeks reddened a little, which was gratifying to see.

Aiden's eyes flicked across the room and Duncan could scent that Camille was heading back towards them. Aiden leaned in a little closer for a moment.

"Can I come over tonight, daddy?"

Duncan clenched his jaw, unclenched it, released Aiden's hand and gave a curt nod in the space of the blink of an eye.

Then Camille was at the table and he was making excuses and standing. He put money on the table to cover the breakfast he hadn't touched and turned to go, sure Camille rolled her eyes as he did so.

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Duncan almost ignored the light tap at the door, still uncertain that any of this was a good idea.

And perhaps he'd have been able to ignore it if Aiden hadn't been so persistent. The boy did things to him, he couldn't deny that.

The way his lips formed around the word daddy… it was a kink Duncan didn't even know he had until the first time it fell from Aiden's mouth.

Maybe that was why his usually unwavering hands shook a little as he opened the door. It definitely wasn't good to feel compromised in this way, and yet at the same time he wanted nothing more than to explore it. Taste the thrill of it.

Taste Aiden, again.

Which apparently was the boy's intent too as he fell upon Duncan the moment he opened the door. His mouth was on Duncan's in an urgent kiss as he clung around his neck.

Duncan wasn't at all put off by the way the boy aggressively attacked him, opening to him until they were kissing deeply, and Aiden's tongue was in his mouth.

When Duncan moaned Aiden drew back with a grin and licked up Duncan's lips in a repeat of how he had when Duncan was in his shifted form. There was a glint in his eye that Duncan was a little intimidated by. Sex didn't usually go like this for him.

He almost gasped when Aiden leaned in to whisper, at the same time he palmed Duncan's half hard dick, "Will you knot me…"

Duncan wasn't sure if it was a question, request or command, but he was immediately hard at the thought.

He shook his head anyway, "No… Aiden…"

Aiden gave a quizzical smile and a raised brow, "Surely you've knotted someone before?"

Duncan clenched his jaw, he hadn't been with another werewolf since he was young, but he knew Aiden specifically meant humans.

"I… am usually with prostitutes, I don't let them know what I am," Not everyone wanted to be with a werewolf, and though he was sure they often knew he was dangerous - usually good judges of character - they probably wouldn't sleep with him if they knew.

"That must be frustrating... Don't you want to knot them?" Aiden asked gently, stroking the back of Duncan's neck with the one hand still there.

"No, why would I do that? It can be agonisingly painful for non-wolves to take. Why would I inflict pain like that?" He might be a killer and he may have tortured a fair few people in the past but he wasn't mindlessly cruel.

“Some people enjoy that kind of pain,” Aiden replied breathlessly and with a wide grin, “Perhaps you should have asked them.”

Duncan growled, a little annoyed at Aiden’s words.

“Shh, daddy, it’s okay… I really want you to fuck me, and then… we’ll see how it goes,” Aiden kissed him softly before taking one of Duncan’s hands in his and sliding it down the back of his loose jeans.

Duncan drew a breath when he felt the plug between Aiden’s cheeks.

Aiden chuckled and moved his mouth to Duncan’s ear, “It’s a knotted plug,” Aiden stage whispered. “I’m ready for you daddy.”

No ounce of resistance left in him even if he’d have wanted there to be, Duncan growled and lifted the boy, carrying him into the bedroom.

*

Duncan wasn’t sure how Aiden had ended up naked so quickly. He’d pulled the boy’s t-shirt off over his head and then somehow there were no clothes at all and Aiden was looking up from the bed.

And god he was beautiful, his skin flawless and hard cock curved up to his belly. His legs spread just right, his hips placed just right to have the plug just visible. Duncan couldn’t deny he wanted to see it, to see Aiden wide around it.

He let out a low growl at the prospect as he hesitantly removed his own clothes.

“Can you… Can werewolves knot in human form? Do you have to shift?” Aiden asked, his hesitation seemingly coming from being flustered rather than concerned by the potential answer.

“I… It takes a lot of effort to maintain in human form, a partial shift…” Duncan began to explain, wondering at this point if anything would even put Aiden off. “I can try to-”

“Shift,” Aiden’s eyes snapped to his, “Please… I…” Aiden reached down and gave a few long strokes of his dick. He squirmed on the plug, “Please daddy.”

Duncan let out a guttural sound, unable to even attempt to hold himself together. He enjoyed shifting much of the time - it was freeing. But never had he wanted to shift more than in that moment.

Bones cracked and skin stretched, the almost pleasurable pain that wracked his body as he shifted made him grunt. His limbs extended, his snout grew and all the time he stood towering more and more over Aiden.

And the boy wasn’t scared.

He was trembling, shaking like a leaf and Duncan could feel the beat of his pulse as though it were vibrating through the enclosed space of Duncan’s cabin.

Aiden Galvin was more aroused than Duncan was sure he’d ever been in his life, and he couldn’t deny the effect of it.

He was already so hard that his cock was unsheathing, growing in increments under Aiden's gaze.

"Oh, daddy," Aiden sighed out the words and Duncan growled in response.

Duncan snarled as he lunged forward, bounding onto the bed and landing on all fours over Aiden. The boy let out an aroused whimper and squirmed beneath him before reaching hands up to spread into the fur at his flanks.

It was a wonderful sensation. Before Aiden he'd never been touched by a human whilst shifted and hadn't realised how much he'd enjoy it.

"Kiss me…" Aiden said, breathless. Duncan took it as the command he was sure it was and let his tongue loll down to Aiden's parted lips.

He lapped gently at Aiden's mouth until he opened wider and Duncan sank his tongue against the boy's. When Aiden sucked on his tongue he let out a whine from deep in his throat and his knot began to throb.

He was becoming increasingly aware as the minutes passed, that he was pretty sure he would do anything Aiden asked of him, and was also sure he could live with that.

"Knot…" Duncan snarled the first word that came into his mind.

Aiden groaned and nodded, squirming again, or so Duncan thought, until he realised he was easing the plug out of his ass.

Tongue still lolling, Duncan moved back, sitting on his haunches to watch as Aiden wriggled to toy out. The little grunts that Aiden made stirred Duncan's blood and he kept flicking his eye from the toy to Aiden's face and back. The boy's expression was one of keening pleasure and Duncan couldn't wait to be the cause of it.

Aiden winced and his cock twitched as he started to ease the plug out. It wasn't as large as Duncan's knot, but at least his knot would deflate before he pulled it from Aiden. Watching this unnecessary pain made Duncan growl, but Aiden still seemed to be enjoying it.

He was making little gaspy breaths as he eased out the plug. Duncan's growl turning into a whine once more as he watched Aiden's hole stretch around the toy, until finally the widest part was out and it came away from him along with copious amounts of lube.

Duncan was whining again, his own unsheathed cock now drooling pre-come against his fur.

Aiden panted for a moment, letting the plug roll away over the sheets, as he collapsed back at the exertion. He was red and a little sweaty, he smelled divine. Duncan wanted nothing more than to bury himself inside the boy, but wasn't even going to consider doing anything that Aiden hadn't expressly asked for.

He wouldn't have considered changing his mind about knotting him if Aiden hadn't been so clearly serious about it. To the point of using that plug, and Duncan had little doubt the boy owned many a knotting dildo.

Duncan waited, still back on his haunches, his cock leaking down his thigh, matting the fur slightly, as Aiden caught his breath.

Aiden reached his arms up, inviting Duncan to him and he went once more, taking Aiden's offered mouth in another exploratory kiss - for want of a better word. He opened his jaws and let Aiden lick into his mouth - his hands clutching at the fur of his Duncan's face.

It was such a turn on, Duncan had never even considered kissing whilst shifted and now he wasn't sure he could get enough of it. He let out a snuffly sound, a little huff of appreciation that made Aiden laugh lightly and pull back. He gazed at Duncan with clear want, his expression setting as he bit at his lower lip.

Aiden's hands spread down into the fur at his chest, finding Duncan's thick, dark nipples with ease, and rubbing them between his finger and thumb. Duncan's breath hitched and his cock leaked some more, this time down onto Aiden's thighs.

Duncan clenched his jaw and shuddered, moving back enough to run his rough tongue over Aiden's nipples. They hardened immediately and Aiden arched up against him. Feeling rewarded, Duncan swirled his tongue over Aiden's chest for a few moments before moving further down.

He wanted a taste, a quick taste and to make sure Aiden was as open and relaxed as he needed to be.

Aiden keened, arching again as Duncan huffed a hot breath against his cock then slid his tongue down between his cheeks. Aiden spread himself as wide as possible the further Duncan's tongue probed. It slid easily inside the boy and Duncan was rewarded with more arching, more moaning, little gasps for breath.

Duncan was too caught up in Aiden's reactions to have any kind of reaction to discovering the lube he'd used was cherry flavoured.

After a few long minutes of working his tongue in and out, his nose alternately pressed against Aiden's throbbing dick, Duncan eased back. Tongue lolling, he licked from Aiden's hole up over his cock and belly, bypassing his nipples to lick once more into Aiden's mouth.

Aiden groaned, sliding his hands back up to Duncan's face and hold him there, looking determinedly at him.

"Fuck me daddy," Aiden commanded and then moved.

In a fluid, lithe motion, Aiden rolled onto his front and then raised himself up. His head was still lowered to his pillowed arms, but his rump moved up and back to press against Duncan.

The difference in their sizes now Duncan had shifted, left Aiden a short way from Duncan's throbbing member, so Duncan moved. He surged forward until his hips were flush with Aiden's, Aiden's head now under his broad, furred chest.

The result of the move was Duncan's now fully unsheathed cock, sliding wetly along the crease of Aiden's ass and up onto his back, leaving a trail of quickly cooling precome.

"Oh fuck… please daddy," Aiden moaned, pushing up and trapping Duncan's cock between his backside and Duncan's belly. "So big… I want… I want all of it… I want your knot…"

Duncan growled and eased himself back enough to press the tip of his cock to Aiden's hole.

It's shape was much more that of a wolf than a human, of course, and the point of his cockhead made pushing inside Aiden all the smoother.

Even so, as he pushed the flared head passed Aiden's stretched rim, the boy cried out and scrabbled at the bed, trying to clutch for balance.

Duncan stopped, his breath hitching as he worried that he was hurting the boy.

But then Aiden let out a long, low groan. "Please daddy, you feel so good…"

And then Aiden pushed back, hard. Taking half of Duncan into him as he continued to gasp for breath.

Duncan felt the stretch get tighter, less forgiving as Aiden took the widest part of him. All but for the knot at least. He'd have to fuck the boy completely open if they were going to really attempt that... And they definitely were.

It was more than clear that Aiden had no intention of the night ending any other way, and Duncan was very much on board with this now.

Duncan eased forward a little, moving one big paw to grasp at Aiden's hip and hold him steady. He held him even tighter as he pulled a little out. He did this slowly a few times, working himself deeper as Aiden groaned, but not letting the boy set the pace as he wanted to. He needed to keep some control if he was going to avoid pounding mindlessly into him - which every instinct was currently telling him he should do.

The little thrusts became faster by increments and they both cried out when Duncan bottomed out, his throbbing knot tight up against Aiden's rim and eager for entry.

"You feel so good daddy, so good…" Aiden was babbling and whimpering.

Duncan huffed and grunted, both paws on Aiden's hips now as he tried to pull him back, drive in deeper, harder. Their size difference made it difficult, something they'd work out in time, but for now he just wanted to knot the boy. Probably nearly as much as Aiden wanted to be knotted.

Aiden gasped then cried out at the loss as Duncan withdrew from him completely. He backed up off the bed, stroking his cock at the sight of Aiden's stretched entrance, clearly aching to be filled again. Duncan growled, unable to resist licking a hot stripe from Aiden's balls up over his hole.

He was rewarded with Aiden shuddering and had to pull himself away, thinking of how good it would be to sink his knot into the boy - the natural instinct to do so in his shifted form was growing ever stronger.

Duncan strode on long legs to the head of the bed, Aiden turning to watch him as he panted, his hair hanging damp with drips of sweat. Duncan moved onto the bed in front of the boy, sitting and leaning back against the wooden frame of the headboard before reaching down for Aiden.

He took Aiden by the upper arms and pulled him up to sit on Duncan's thick thighs. He weighed barely anything to Duncan and seemed to realise it, whimpering at his own fragility.

Aiden straddled his thighs, and leaned in to grab the scruff around Duncan's throat, pulling him down so he could lick at his muzzle again. Duncan opened to him immediately, pulling Aiden's hips forward as they lapped at each other once more.

Aiden moaned into Duncan's mouth as he was dragged over Duncan's thick cock. Moaning all the more as it settled between his cheeks. He didn't break the kiss as he reached down and guided Duncan back inside him - both of them grunting with pleasure as he did so.

Aiden moved slowly at first, and Duncan let him. A tease as he lowered himself all the way down until his rim was kissing Duncan's knot. The motion was repeated over and over, Duncan's large paws on Aiden's hips keeping him steady as the boy began to tremble with the effort of holding back.

"Fuck," Aiden spat the word, breaking his rhythm and grinding down on Duncan's knot. Duncan let out a yelp of surprise but adjusted quickly to Aiden sinking onto him just a little. Just enough to get an idea of how good this was going to feel.

It was a long time since Duncan knotted in anything other than a toy or his own fist. The fact that Aiden was getting off on it so much, when he'd spent years concerned he'd break a human like this, was heaven.

Aiden's fingers slid up to the fur of Duncan's shoulders and then gripped tight, almost pulling it out at the root, as he pulled up and forward. He nestled his face in the crook of Duncan's neck, nuzzling into the fur there, as he raised himself so only the tip of Duncan's cock was still inside him.

"I want to take every last inch of you inside me…" Aiden murmured the words against him and Duncan nodded enthusiastically.

Aiden let out a long sigh as he lowered himself back down. Duncan could feel the strain in the boy's thighs as he sank and rolled his hips in one motion.

Duncan whimpered at the wonderful sensation, his paws tightening on Aiden's hips as he raised up once more and then repeated the action. The endulation of his hips was maddening and Duncan was glad of the change of position, giving control over to Aiden, for him to take exactly what he wanted.

His cock sticky against Duncan's fur, Aiden let out the sweetest noises as he continued, slowly picking up speed. Slowly working harder, faster, deeper. Taking more and more of Duncan as he fucked down on his cock. Soon Aiden was pressing against Duncan's knot again, so very close each time he rolled his hips.

Minutes passed as Aiden began to glisten with sweat that he was transfering to Duncan's fur with each motion. More huffs of breath, more little whimpers and Duncan was almost ready to come from the sweet boy's vocalisations alone.

"Daddy…." Aiden whimpered the word and melted into Duncan's furred chest, his hips still working but a clear sign of needing something more.

Of needing his daddy.

Duncan swallowed and was surprised it wasn't an audible gulp. He let out his own shuddering breath before tightening his paws on Aiden's hips, holding him in place as he thrust upwards.

"Uhhhnngg… Yes…." Aiden cried out, his fingers gripping painfully to clumps of fur as he rolled his hips back down to meet Duncan's next thrust up.

It took them only a couple of thrusts to synchronise - Aiden moving downwards as Duncan pumped up into him. Duncan dug his claws in, hearing Aiden gasp, as he began a rhythmic fucking up into Aiden's welcoming body.

Aiden was grunting and huffing, letting out little sounds as the air was knocked from his lungs on each increasingly sharp thrust.

"Oh yes… there daddy, please…" Aiden was pressed almost bodily too him, and Duncan could feel his hard, wet cock rubbing against the fur of his belly. His knot pressed a little further each time, never quite enough to enter Aiden.

Until Duncan knew he couldn't hold out any longer. He slammed Aiden down onto his cock, his knot almost half in before he left the boy rise again. Aiden went willingly for three more thrusts. On the fourth Aiden beared down as he bit his lower lip almost enough to bleed.

Duncan howled as his knot finally breached Aiden fully.

And then Aiden was convulsing around him, constricting and trembling, crying out and screaming "daddy," as he came in thick ropes between them, matting into the fur of Duncan's chest and belly.

Duncan grunted as his own cock exploded inside Aiden, his knot throbbing against Aiden's tightening walls, as he spilled. It felt like he was going to come forever and he couldn't help but rock the whimpering Aiden back and forth on his knot until his balls were tight and empty. He could feel the slight bulge of Aiden's come filled belly against him and it made him shake with emotions he couldn't quite process in that moment.

He wanted Aiden to only ever take his knot, and he didn't want to ever give it to anyone else.

Aiden collapsed against him, sobbing and shaking.

Duncan tried to level his breathing, bringing his big, furry arms up around Aiden like a blanket.

"I hurt you," Duncan growled, mad at himself and now unable to do anything to relieve Aiden's discomfort until his knot deflated.

Aiden shook his head, tears falling into thick fur, "No… It doesn't hurt… at least not in a bad way. I like it… I like it a lot. This is just… It's so good Duncan. You feel so good."

Duncan’s chest swelled at the compliment, and he nuzzled into Aiden’s soft skin, content to hold the boy close until his knot deflated. And maybe even longer than that if Aiden was willing.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Here come the inevitable feels...

Duncan woke with Aiden draped entirely over him.

They had lain together until long after his knot had gone down. Aiden had promptly put his plug back in when Duncan slipped his cock out, and then had nuzzled back into Duncan's fur.

He must have shifted back as they slept, not an unusual occurrence.

Though it was unusual for him to wake with a naked young man laying like a starfish over him. Duncan found he didn't care one bit, pulling a blanket up over them to keep them both warm, he drifted back off the sleep.

When Duncan woke again, Aiden was awake and laying next to him. Gazing at him softly as he played his fingers lightly in Duncan's partially soiled chest hair.

"Good morning," Aiden said quietly, a gentle smile on his lips. Not quite demure but a little vulnerable at least. He didn't seem as demanding and forthright as he had been up to this moment.

"Morning…" Duncan replied, his voice more of a growl that made Aiden visibly shiver.

"I… Thank you, for last night. It was… I…" Aiden shook his head and his cheeks coloured.

Duncan wasn't quite sure what to do with the reaction. He wanted to hold the boy, but was unsure if that was appropriate or wanted. Was he supposed to say something? How did they proceed if Aiden didn't lead the way as he had done so far?

After a moment of hesitation he lifted a hand and awkwardly patted Aiden's shoulder. Aiden blinked at him, eyes wide and beautiful. After another moment of hesitation Duncan leaned in and kissed him. It was soft and sweet, and he felt Aiden's breath catch, so perhaps this had been the correct response.

After a minute of gentle exploration, Aiden eased back and grinned at Duncan. Not the cocksure grin of days past, something friendlier and softer.

"I really liked, um… but um, if you want to fuck not as a wolf, I'm okay with that too." Aiden bit his lower lip, Duncan's eyes trained to it, wanting to bite it himself.

But instead he shook his head, "I'm very tired, I don't think I can right now. Shifting takes a lot of energy. Too much, uh… fun…" Duncan tried to explain, hoping that Aiden wouldn't be disappointed in the effect his shifting had on his refractory period.

“We wouldn’t want you to have too much fun, would we.” Aiden smiled, filing the silence Duncan had left.

“It’s all fun and games until some person loses an eye,” Duncan replied, his lips twitching slightly at his joke.

Aiden shook his head as he laughed lightly, his eyes sparkling with amusement, “I Like you Duncan. You’re… awkward and kinda weird. Everything you say and do makes me smile. I hadn’t had much to smile about for a long while, that’s why I came here. For an escape. I love camille and appreciate everything, but… you’ve given me so much more.”

Duncan’s jaw clenched, wondering if Aiden really meant him or just his wolf self. It wouldn’t do to dwell, he wasn’t sure how long the boy was even staying with Camille and it wasn’t like they had any connection to each other. Which was for the best, Duncan didn’t really do connections.

He realised Aiden’s expression had grown a little sad, his smile faltering and turning down at the corners.

“What were you escaping from?” Duncan asked.

He was surprised when Aiden rolled into him, burying his face in the crook of Duncan’s neck and holding onto him. Instinctively Duncan pulled his arms up around the boy and held him close.

Aiden let out a shuddering breath, “My mum, she died when I was small and my dad…”

Duncan felt Aiden tremble for a moment and was filled with a white hot rage for whoever had caused the fear he could now sense and scent spiking in the boy he had known as nothing but carefree to this point.

“I thought when I finished college and went home he’d have…” Aiden shook his head, “He beat me even more than before I went. He wasn’t exactly happy that I’d gone to art college and was even less happy when I came home, apparently, all the more obviously a ‘sissy’.”

Duncan found himself stiffening at the harshness of the word, made harsher by the way Aiden spat it out.

He pulled Aiden closer and breathed in the scent of their previous exertions.

“Sorry,” Aiden’s apology was quiet and he rubbed his face against Duncan’s shoulder, leaving a small trail of tears.

“You… You don’t have to be strong with me. When you’re with me I can take care of you. Keep you safe.” The words were slightly lilted as Duncan was unsure how much he meant them. He wanted to believe that he just said this in the spur of the moment - that it had felt like the right thing to say.

Or perhaps he would extend his protection of Camille to Aiden. He didn’t want to address that this was different. That he felt an almost instinctive need to protect Aiden as...

He shied from the word that came to mind.

It took everything in him that moment not to start reaching out amongst his still active connections and finding out the whereabouts of Aiden’s dad and hunting him down.

“Duncan,” Aiden’s questioning tone made Duncan realise he’d been rumbling a low growl from the back of his throat. Duncan swallowed the noise down, trying to loosen his grip a little but Aiden grabbed his arms and drew them tighter around himself. “Longer…Hold me, just a little longer.”

*

The weeks gave way to months and somehow Aiden had been there half a year.

The weather had warmed enough for the snow to thaw, warm enough that this had become a regular thing - knotting Aiden in the woods.

They spent many nights together, more of the week than not - Aiden sneaking out of Camille’s when she went to sleep at night. It didn’t matter how late, Duncan was always willing to stay awake for his boy.

And he was his boy. He spoiled him where he could, gifts here and there, but more often than not thoughtful gestures and giving into his every whim. Most of which involved Duncan shifting to pose for drawings or for fucking. Or both, like now.

They had started out in the woods for some more sketches. Aiden’s new comic book was almost complete and the art was due, he just had some final touches he wanted to make with the benefit of a live subject. A venture that, inevitably, ended with Duncan fucking him up against a rather sturdy tree. Aiden’s chest pressed against the wood, his trousers and underwear somewhere on the floor.

“Harder daddy,” Aiden practically cried as Duncan’s large paws gripped his hips to reposition him. With the better angle, Aiden was making the sweetest noises on each thrust. Duncan loved it

Loved how Aiden felt. Loved how Aiden wanted him. Loved…

Aiden’s breath hitched, “There daddy, please.”

Duncan moved forward, towering over Aiden he drove the half naked human against the rough bark of the tree. He was so close, his knot was aching.

With a growl, Duncan took hold of Aiden’s leg and lifted it, holding it as high as he could without toppling the boy, so he could get as deep as possible.

That did it because suddenly was crying out and then he went almost limp in Duncan’s grasp as a clearly powerful climax washed over him. Duncan couldn’t see it, but he could scent the seed Aiden had just spilled over the tree.

Two more thrusts and Aiden’s now well accustomed hole, took his knot and they both moaned.

Duncan came hard, filling Aiden over and over as his knot pulsated inside the boy and his balls grew incredibly tight. He groaned and came again at the thought of this all flooding back out of Aiden once his knot shrank and he withdrew.

“So good to me daddy,” Aiden’s words were slurred with pleasure.

Duncan couldn't manage more than whine in agreement and nuzzle into the crook of Aiden’s neck.

Duncan did take care of Aiden, as much as he possibly could. As much as he did Camille in other respects, and of course sexually - unlike Camille. He had strangely started to understand Aiden’s

desire to call him daddy. He didn't mean it literally of course, but it seemed more than a taboo or kink. It was a title he wanted to bestow on someone who would care for him in the way he needed and never had been before.

Duncan happily accepted the mantle.

Camille still knew nothing. They had taken great pains to keep their clandestine fucking hidden from her. Duncan wasn't sure how happy she'd be about it and Aiden mentioned more than once that he didn't want her to think it was the only reason he was staying.

It wasn't, and Duncan knew that. He had no illusions on that front.

Duncan had called in as many favours as he could to get information on the hit on Camille's father. Aiden had been helping with some of the information, and more was coming in now and then from a contact still in the business - Chiyoh. She and Camille communicated regularly and leads were investigated on paper over and over.

It had become just short of an obsession for Camille, and perhaps Aiden being there balanced her out.

He balanced Duncan out.

Duncan snuffled his snout into Aiden's hair. He had never known he could live like this. Like so many of his kind he had really only embraced his shifted self in a violent way, as a tool for violence.

Aiden had taught him he could be a lover, a caregiver, a provider. It made Duncan feel stronger than he ever had before.

He let out low, contented rumble as he pulled Aiden back against his thickly furred chest, enjoying the responding satisfied sigh more than he'd care to admit.

*

"What? Camille… WHAT! What the hell do you mean you're going to Japan?!"

Aiden's voice was raised enough that it carried to Duncan's hypersensitive ears, the wind blowing in a favourable direction across his property and threw the open window.

Duncan tilted his head automatically, like his working days when he would angle himself to pick up the information he needed to. He felt weird eavesdropping, but at the same time he couldn't help the protective urge that rose in him - conflicted as he felt it for both of them in different ways.

It took everything in him not to instinctually shift and race over, like that first day he'd met Aiden. But as much as he felt the urge, he could temper it with the knowledge that there was no threat to either of them. At most a family disagreement.

Though it seemed such a strange conversation. Chiyoh was in Japan last he knew, perhaps she had a new lead that Camille wished to investigate personally? Surely she would need protection. He should…

He could hear Aiden before he saw the boy, Camille's front door slamming behind him before he made his way to Duncan's place.

And Duncan waited. Patient. Always patient for Aiden.

His door opened without being knocked on, as was usual now, and Aiden came immediately to him where he sat and lowered himself into Duncan's lap. He draped himself around Duncan and buried his head in the crook of his neck before taking a deep breath.

Duncan had to admit he loved that he could be this for Aiden.

He could still be sassy and in public he'd observed Aiden more than once being cheeky and carefree. And whilst that was part of who Aiden was, he was also a scared kid who needed someone to take care of him and protect him from the world now and then. Someone who, in private, could allow him to just be cared for.

Duncan circled his arms around Aiden and pulled him close.

"What's wrong?" He asked gently.

"Camille's leaving, she… she's going to Japan," Aiden was almost sobbing.

Duncan frowned. Maybe for a short trip, maybe for a while, but even if forever why was Aiden so upset? He could surely go with her if he felt her loss that keenly. "Why are you so upset?"

Aiden sniffed and pulled back to look at Duncan's face, his eyes a little red as though he were on the verge of tears.

"If she leaves then I have no excuse to stay."

*

Aiden had cried for an hour, burying his face in Duncan's chest and shaking.

Duncan knew it was the fear of having nowhere else to go but back to his father's home, and the thought of that made Duncan see red. If Aiden ever asked him to kill his father, he would. Without hesitation. Which was reckless of him... Just as reckless as falling for the boy.

He'd carried Aiden through to the bedroom where they had both stripped down, before he curled around Aiden on the bed and he'd drifted into a fitful sleep in Duncan's arms.

Duncan had forgotten to pull the curtains and woke as the room grew lighter with the rising sun.

Aiden still slept and Duncan couldn't help but take a moment to study him, his features now relaxed in a peaceful sleep. It gave Duncan a strange warm feeling to think that Aiden had found peace whilst safe in his arms.

When Aiden's eyes fluttered open and a smile grew on the boy's face, Duncan looked away, his cheeks colouring a little.

Aiden let out a light laugh and pulled his hands up to cup Duncan's face and pull it back to look at him. Neither said anything for a long moment, before Aiden pulled him down into a kiss.

The kiss started slow and easy. Duncan touched Aiden gently, finding he often liked to be soft with the boy when he wasn't in his shifted form. He knew Aiden liked it rough sometimes, but sometimes Duncan didn't. Sometimes he just wanted to be gentle and have soft touches in return.

And… this morning didn't seem like a time to be rough.

Perhaps Aiden felt the same, or was simply accommodating him, Duncan wasn't sure but he didn't mind either way.

They arched into each other, pressing their naked bodies close until they were writhing against each other and their kisses grew more intense.

"Daddy…" Aiden all but whispered, "Can I fuck you?"

Duncan shuddered and nodded, his breaths coming quick and uneven as he moved off of Aiden and onto his front.

Aiden let out a little sound, a whimper of pleasure and anticipation as he scrambled to the edge of the bed and found the lube. He was quick in prepping Duncan, not taking much time or effort at all as he was so very ready. His body relaxed and open, only clenching around fingers slightly when a shiver of anticipation went through him.

"So good for me, daddy." Aiden breathed the words against his back as he replaced his fingers with his lubed cock and slid in. Duncan felt the slight resistance give, more pleasure than pain as he bore down on the welcome intrusion.

It felt so good, Aiden always felt so good no matter what.

Duncan grunted as Aiden pulled almost all the way out and slid back in again. Not slow, but gentle and accompanied with a long, soft groan that made Duncan clench.

"Oh daddy…" Aiden moaned, taking a breath before he began to move his hips a pace faster. He rolled them into Duncan finding the right angle after a few thrusts, so that Duncan was grunting with the pleasure of the passes over his prostate.

Duncan fell forward onto his elbows, resting his head on pillowed arms as Aiden continued his rolling thrusts, his hands holding tight to Duncan's hips.

"There… there…" Duncan grunted the words, and was rewarded with Aiden focusing on the angle, driving into him, albeit gently.

"Please daddy, come for me. I want you to come on my cock daddy, so good for me… so good…" Aiden started babbling as he picked up the pace until Duncan was coming undone by the thrusts aimed at his prostate.

Duncan groaned and trembled, taking hold of his cock and fisting it twice before he spilled all over the bed beneath him.

His ass clenched, his whole body tightening as his release continued. He wasn't sure the last time he'd come so hard. He clearly had needed it. And Aiden did too.

Aiden's grip on his hips tightened and he started to slam harder into Duncan, chasing his own climax. Duncan pushed back on him, meeting each thrust and causing Aiden to cry out until he was coming hot and wet in Duncan's ass.

Aiden collapsed over Duncan's back, panting. So light, it wasn't difficult for Duncan to hold his weight even though his body threatened to give out from the exertion of his orgasm.

He could feel Aiden softening inside him, could feel his come already started to leak out and down his thighs.

Duncan whimpered at the sensation and shuddered, wanting to turn so he could pull the boy close and hold him. But he was going to wait for Aiden, be guided by his needs.

Aiden's breath finally started to even out and he pressed kisses into Duncan's broad back.

"Thank you daddy."

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The perfect scent...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Aiden left Duncan's cabin mid morning, it already felt like a goodbye. The boy had become all the more withdrawn as the morning progressed and Duncan recognised it for the self preservation that it was. Aiden needed to prepare himself for what came next - whether he'd need to return to his father once Camille left.

He wondered what Camille would make of Aiden's return. They had been so careful this far with finding excuses to see each other - sketching in the woods and the like. And Aiden had rarely stayed the whole night before, well at least not in the beginning. The last few times, he had set an alarm for a half hour before he believed Camille would be up and then snuck back to her place without her even knowing he'd snuck out the night before.

It was gone midday when Duncan returned from getting groceries and found a note pinned to his front door. His jaw clenched, afraid this was it. Maybe Aiden had gone and he hadn't even had chance to say goodbye. The thought created a ball of pain in his chest that he wanted just to believe was frustration at the missed connection.

Even so, his hands trembled a little as he ripped the note from the door and unfolded it.

It was Camille's writing and the note was to the point -

Please come for dinner tonight at 8, we have a lot to discuss.
Camille.

Perhaps one of Chiyoh's leads had panned out.

*

When he arrived at the door, Duncan could hear talking inside, Not so much raised voices as an agitated tone. He didn't want to knock and intrude, but had been invited so wondered if it would be rude to turn and leave.

He was still trying to decide a minute later when everything went quiet. He gave it a few more minutes and knocked lightly.

Camille opened the door, she looked angry, which was something rarely seen on her face. Duncan looked beyond her to Aiden who also looked angry, but guilty along with it. These emotions were evident in the scents too, and Duncan once more felt like he might be intruding.

“Can you talk some sense into my cousin?” Camille asked Duncan, clearly infuriated.

Duncan stepped into the house, still watching Aiden and raising a brow as the boy began to redden.

“Camille,” Aiden warned.

Camille let out a heavy sigh, “You’re both delusional if you think no one has noticed there’s something going on. It’s the talk of the town!”

Duncan felt his own face redden at that and he cleared his throat because he had nothing else to contribute.

Camille looked between the two of them and shook her head before turning to Duncan.

“I’m going to Japan and-”

“You have a lead?” Duncan interrupted now that he had something to contribute.

Camille hesitated and then slowly shook her head, “No, I… I’ve um… spent a lot of time questioning how focused on this I am. I… I’m not going to give up. But I need a break… Chiyoh thinks I need a break. And she… offered that I could go stay with her. Spend some time exploring a new place, making new friends and then she can help me start looking again once I’m ready.”

Duncan raised an eyebrow. There was a change to Camille’s scent when she mentioned Chiyoh, as though she were hiding something and the slightest pick up of her heart beat. He raised a brow and it was her turn to go red in the face.

They all went quiet.

The silence appeared to urge Camille on and she timidly added, “And to… explore this thing between us… between me and Chiyoh… we…”

Aiden was on his feet then and he looked angry though his scent was something closer to fear.

“So, you’re all loved up and you’re projecting that onto other people,” He accused sharply. Camille looked sad, she looked like her heart was breaking for him.

Maybe like Duncan’s was breaking. He knew what had been between them wasn’t love, not for Aiden but it hurt to hear it. He didn’t think it would, but it did.

“Aiden,” Camille said his name softly, “Don’t do this. If you’re happy-”

She was cut off by Aiden abruptly stomping off to his room in a way that reminded Duncan of quite how young he was. It was never going to be more than fucking, of course it wasn’t.

Duncan felt his chest tighten and he turned to the door, planning to leave, knowing that Aiden didn’t want him, not really.

“Wait.” Camille said firmly, stepping in front of Duncan and glaring up at him. This was not the usual quiet and timid Camille, this was the Camille that had pulled a gun on him. And that was a stark reminder of how they came by this situation in the first place.

“He’ll never admit it, but Aiden needs someone to take care of him. Someone to keep him safe when he wants to let his guard down. I guess that’s why he’s always had a fascination with werewolves… who better to have as a protector?” It was a rhetorical question, he was sure and she gave him a fond smile. “And you need someone to look out for you too. You’re so socially inept I have no idea how you’ve survived this long.” There was a note of humour there.

“He doesn’t want me,” Duncan didn’t mean his tone to be as pitiful as it was, but it couldn’t be helped. Even the words hurt.

Camille rolled her eyes and it seemed so familiar now, the amount of times he caught her doing it from the corner of his eye. And now he understood why she had been doing it, unamused by their antics. Knowing all along.

“Duncan, I know my cousin pretty well and I think you do now too, and I know that isn’t true. If he didn’t have feelings for you he’d have been gone months ago.”

Duncan let her words sink in, still not quite able to agree.

“And for what it’s worth, I approve. I know you probably kept it a secret because you were worried I’d be upset after everything. And maybe I should be, but… I’ve grown fond of you. Life is complicated. And I see how good you are for him, how much happier and freer he has been here. If you care for him then whatever this is has my blessing.”

Duncan felt his cheeks heat and he had nothing to say. He had no right to her blessing, he knew that.

She cupped his cheek and gave him a fond look.

“Just don’t ever hurt him.”

Duncan nodded.

She smiled and dropped her hand from him before turning to the door.

There was a suitcase behind it that she hauled towards the door, “When I say I’m going to Japan I mean now, right now. So… I asked Aiden if he would keep an eye on this place for me and well… you came in just after I had told him that I was cool with what was happening with you guys. If he wants to leave that’s fine, but I suspect he’ll stay, he just…” She huffed a sigh, “Just go let him know that you want him to stay. Go and… I don’t know, talk about your feelings.”

She opened the door, hauling the case onto the decking before moving to close the door, she gave him a hopeful smile as she said, “Take care, Duncan,” and shut the door.

*

Duncan heaved a breath, realising he’d been holding it.

Maybe he should just leave? Wouldn’t that be easier? Less painful?

He had never before felt pain like this. He had been shot and stabbed and had more scars than he could count, scars that Aiden’s mouth had endlessly explored. Nothing compared to this pain.

He clenched his jaw. If he left now what then?

His chest ached. An ache that felt like death.

Duncan looked at the closed door to Aiden's bedroom and started tentatively forward. He took a breath and knocked lightly on the door, waiting to hear for a response and not receiving one.

He frowned, the action causing his eye patch to shift uncomfortably.

He could just walk in, he could just take the upper hand, but he was never going to. Duncan could read people well, and he knew even before they had started fucking that Aiden needed to be in control. He needed it in order to feel safe, and Duncan was never going to take that from him.

Duncan let out a heavy sigh and started to turn away from the door, his sensitive hearing picking up on the barely there whimper followed by quiet word -

"Duncan?"

He took the chance and went back to the door, opening it slowly so that Aiden had a good opportunity to turn him away.

When he could finally see into the room, he found Aiden sat on the bed, his knees hugged up tight to him. His eyes were red and his face was a little damp, his scent was of salt and moisture.

Despite clearly being upset, his tone was angry and he glared as he looked up at Duncan.

"She shouldn't have done that… Camille, she…" He shook his head.

"Go to Japan?" Duncan asked, trying to keep his voice low and gentle.

Aiden's glare became a scowl, "The assumptions she made about us."

"Oh," Duncan nodded. She had assumed they were fucking, which they were. She had assumed they cared for each other, which…

"Maybe I should go…" Duncan started, not knowing what else he could do to ensure that Aiden wasn't upset.

Aiden sat up higher in the bed, "Fine." He spat angrily, "She was wrong to think that you gave any kind of shit about me. I practically coerced you into fucking me and then I guess it was just too much of a good thing for you to give up. Well, now's your chance to escape I guess. To end this, whatever the fuck it was."

Duncan stiffened, his whole body going tense at the words and his own anger rising. He tempered it with the calm that had kept him at the top of his game the last three decades.

"I wouldn't have slept with you if I didn't want to. You're the one who only wants me for my knot." He couldn't help his voice becoming a growl at the end.

"That's only fifty percent true," Aiden yelled back at him as though it was some kind of defense.

Duncan huffed and shook his head, his face set in a frown as he turned to go to the door.

"Wait!" Aiden called out, scrambling off the bed. "Please… I…"

Duncan turned and saw the boy standing there, looking down at his clasped hands. Looking so small and vulnerable.

“I meant… In the beginning, I was only half interested in you because you could shift but… The more I got to know you, the more Camille told me too. You… I don’t understand how someone can bring such violence and destruction and yet be so gentle and protective. I enjoy being around you, you…”

Aiden looked up at him with a downturned mouth and eyes about to well up again.

Duncan couldn’t have stopped himself if he tried, he nodded and stepped forward, pulling Aiden against his chest in a bear hug.

“It’s okay, Daddy’s got you.”

Aiden let out a little whimper and melted against him. They stood like that for what felt like hours, until their breathing synced and it felt like their heartbeats had too.

“Daddy…” Aiden let out the word as a gentle sigh against Duncan’s chest. It radiated a warmth through him.

Duncan let out a shuddering breath and found Aiden’s mouth with his own, hauling the boy up so that his legs wrapped immediately around Duncan’s waist.

“Don’t shift…” Aiden asked, breathless as he pulled back enough to give Duncan imploring look.

Duncan studied his face, not wanting to do this if it was Aiden trying to prove that he didn’t want him just for his knot.

And Duncan almost didn’t agree, because there was nothing he wanted more in that moment than to knot the boy - tie them together in a way that felt like permanece. Like marking. Like Aiden was his and always would be.

But instead Duncan nodded his agreement and began to remove Aiden’s clothes and then his own until they were both naked and Aiden was pressed beneath him on the bed, his legs still wrapped up around him.

“Don’t leave me daddy,” Aiden breathed the words against the side of his neck and Duncan shook his head. “Don’t let me go.”

“Never,” He growled before plundering Aiden’s mouth in a hungry kiss.

Aiden’s fingers scratched at his back, no fur to grip into, and the boy moaned into his mouth every time Duncan made a hiss or grunt at the sudden sting of pain.

“Don’t hold back…” Aiden encouraged, wrapping himself tighter around Duncan until he could feel the boy’s cock pressed hard against him, digging into him. He tried to angle himself to grind downward, both into the boy and giving friction to his cock.

In response Aiden whimpered and became loose beneath him, lost to the pleasure as Duncan pounded him into the bed.

“Harder…” Aiden panted, digging his fingers into Duncan’s shoulders.

Duncan obliged, burying his face in the crook of Aiden's neck, feeling sweat pooling all over his body, grunting on every thrust.

"More…"

Duncan growled pulling back enough to put his weight on just one knee whilst he moved the other up, angling Aiden's hips upwards as pulled his other leg forward to plant his foot. Bracing in that position he continued to thrust, now the deepest he could possibly go.

Aiden let out breathy little noises and little sobs, his body going pliant beneath Duncan, begging to be used.

"I… I want…" Duncan growled, thrusting hard into Aiden's slack body until he pushed all the way in and stilled with his hips flush to Aiden's.

"Yes daddy, do it…" A breathless plea.

He wasn't sure that Aiden knew exactly what he wanted, and maybe the boy was expecting him to shift entirely? In fact that seemed the case when he didn't fully shift and Aiden cried out in surprise, his eyes widening and his breath coming in uneven gasps. His face flushed and he looked like he was verging on pain, until his expression broke into one of ecstasy.

"Oh god, daddy, daddy…" Aiden shuddered the words out as he grabbed at Duncan's back all the harder.

It took a lot of focus to allow just his knot to form without shifting, but knowing how much Aiden would enjoy it helped with that. Helped him maintain the right level of control to allow it to slowly form inside Aiden as he pushed himself deep, tying them together.

"Daddy…" Aiden sobbed the word, tears starting to leak as it pressed against his prostate.

Duncan curled himself completely around Aiden as he continued to thrust - shallow efforts with only a slight movement allowed by his knot.

It was enough though, enough to have Aiden's body tightening and spasming around him.

Aiden cried out, tears running down his cheeks as he shuddered through his climax, his hot seed spilling between them as he clenched around Duncan's knot.

Duncan growled, pushing as deep as he could a few times more before his knot throbbed and pulsed, his balls drew up and he came hard, over and over until he was sure there was nothing left inside him.

He dropped heavily onto Aiden, practically crushing the boy beneath him, though Aiden let out a hum of delight as he did so. So Duncan didn't bother to move, just allowed himself to relax all the more in his exertion.

Aiden let his arms and legs fall away, shifting the angle slightly again so that he let out a whimper of pleasured pain at the tug against Duncan's knot.

Duncan came again, letting out a whimper of his own as he did so.

“Daddy… this is…” Aiden’s words were laboured as he ran his hands through Duncan’s sweat damp hair, tugging at it slightly as though it grounded him.

“I love you… Wolf or not… I love you…” Aiden breathed out the words as though in a stupor and Duncan clenched his jaw in response.

“Don’t leave,” Duncan growled, his voice low with the weight of his emotions. “Please don’t leave.”

The noise that escaped Aiden was half sob, half laugh. He shook his head, depositing plenty of his own sweat on Duncan.

“Never,” Aiden sobbed.

Aiden took a few moments to bury his face against Duncan, hold him tight and let a few tears drop before he pulled back with a chuckle.

“And when Camille comes back with Chiyoh in tow and they are having loud sex that will require ear plugs… I’ll just come sleep at yours.”

Duncan pulled back enough to look down at Aiden, his face damp with sweat and cheeks red with his blush.

Duncan panted, still trying to catch his breath as he smoothed Aiden’s damp hair from his face.

“I’ll let you sleep at my house, you never need an excuse to do that,” Duncan knew his expression had turned soft, completely unable to hide the love that he felt, the vulnerability that created in him for Aiden alone. “I… I love you.”

Aiden smiled and Duncan basked in it.

*

Duncan woke with Aiden sprawled across him, as he had so many times before. But today felt different.

Today *was* different.

He stroked his hands down Aiden’s back and enjoyed the way he moved and let out a contented sigh, a little closer to waking.

Duncan stilled.

He didn’t want to wake Aiden. Because today there was no alarm set, there didn’t need to be any sneaking out, there was just the chirping noises in the wood, the rustling of the trees in the wind, the gentle snuffling noise as Aiden nuzzled into him...

And their scents mixed together to create the most perfect thing Duncan had ever known.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! Kudos and comments are love 💖

Works inspired by this one

[FANART] Scented by trashbambi

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